

# DRIFT



N  
20  
16



IVAN BRANDON  
NIC KLEIN  
#18

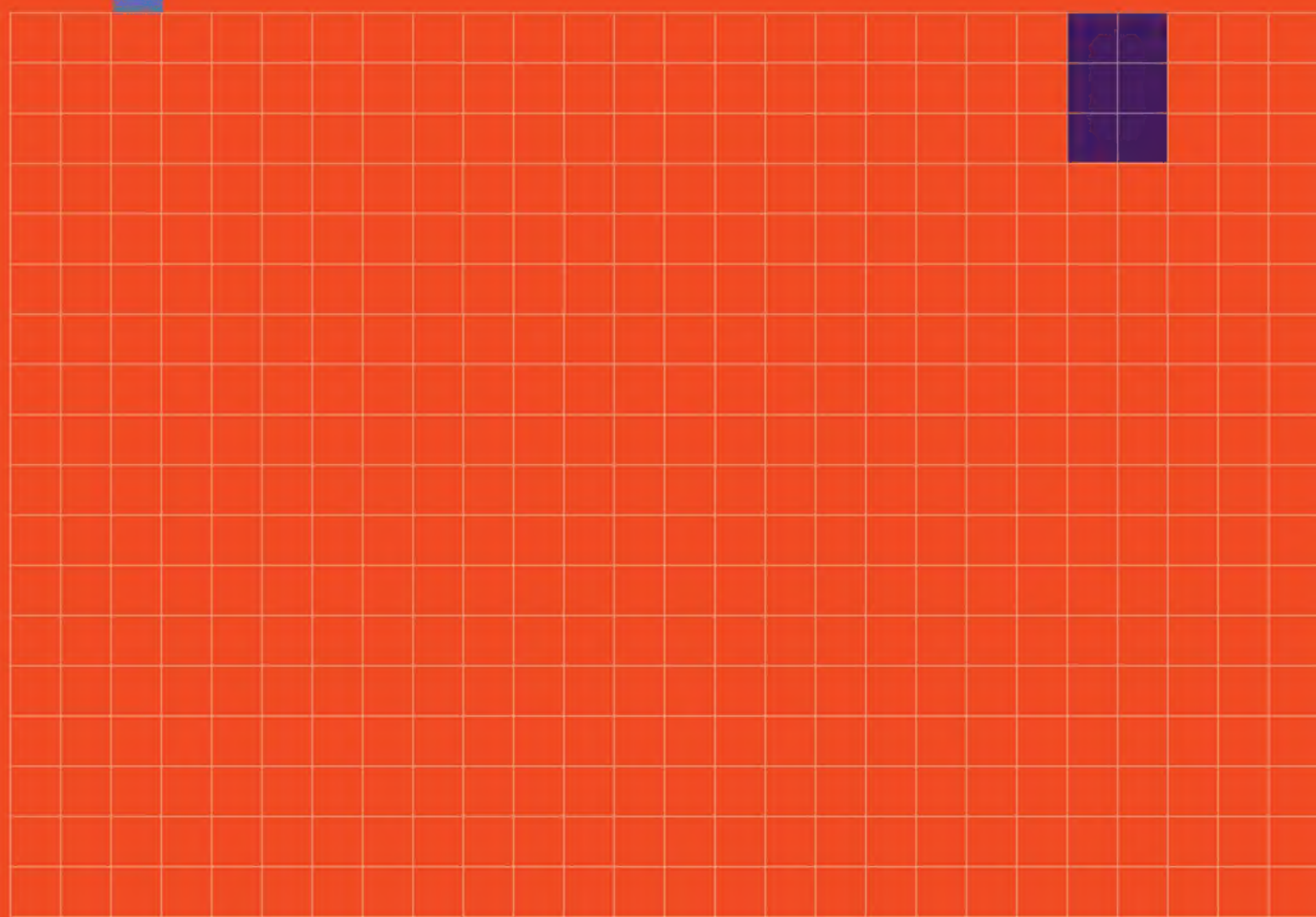


I asked myself how did I come  
to be here? Asked who these  
people are along the way?  
What is this place?

What had I done to earn this  
as my end? Or what did these  
people do that brought me  
down upon them?

I questioned time and sky and  
mud, and walked across the  
world.

I should have questioned my  
own eyes.







NOW  
YOU'RE HERE  
AGAIN. MAYBE  
I'M PASSED.



YOU STANDING  
THERE...  
MAYBE TO  
WALK THROUGH  
ME, UNSEEN LIKE  
A FOG.  
UNHEARD.

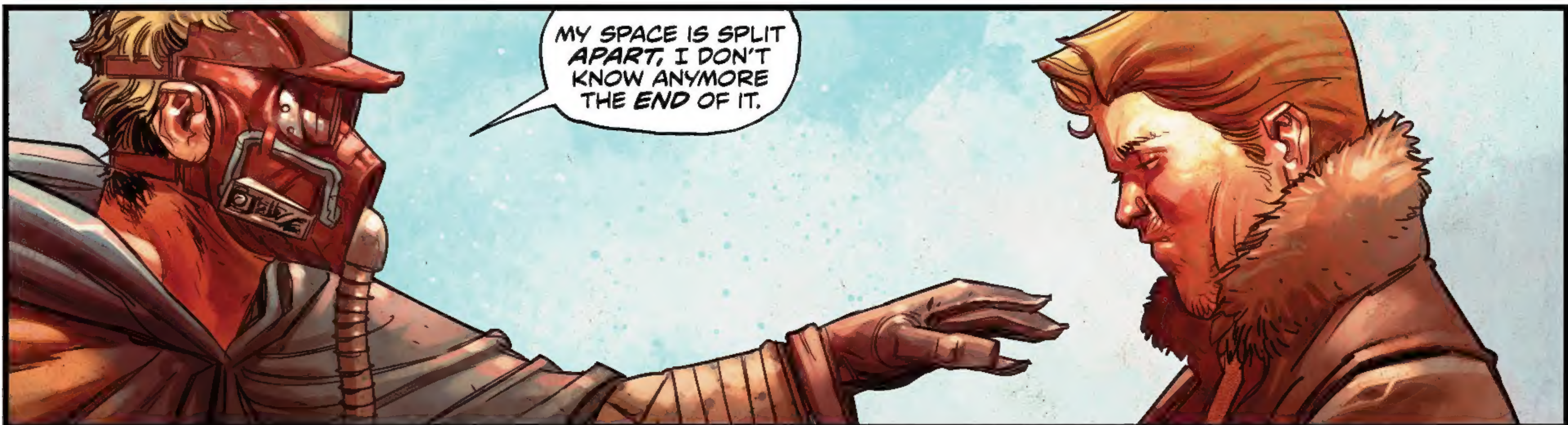
I CAN  
HEAR  
YOU.



OR MAYBE  
YOU'RE THE  
APPARITION.



YOU WANT  
TO KEEP BACK  
IN YOUR OWN  
SPACE.



MY SPACE IS SPLIT  
APART, I DON'T  
KNOW ANYMORE  
THE END OF IT.









I TRIED  
RESPECT BUT  
NONE COMES  
BACK.



STOP TALKIN'  
SIDEWAYS!



JUST  
SAY THE  
WORDS  
FOR ME.

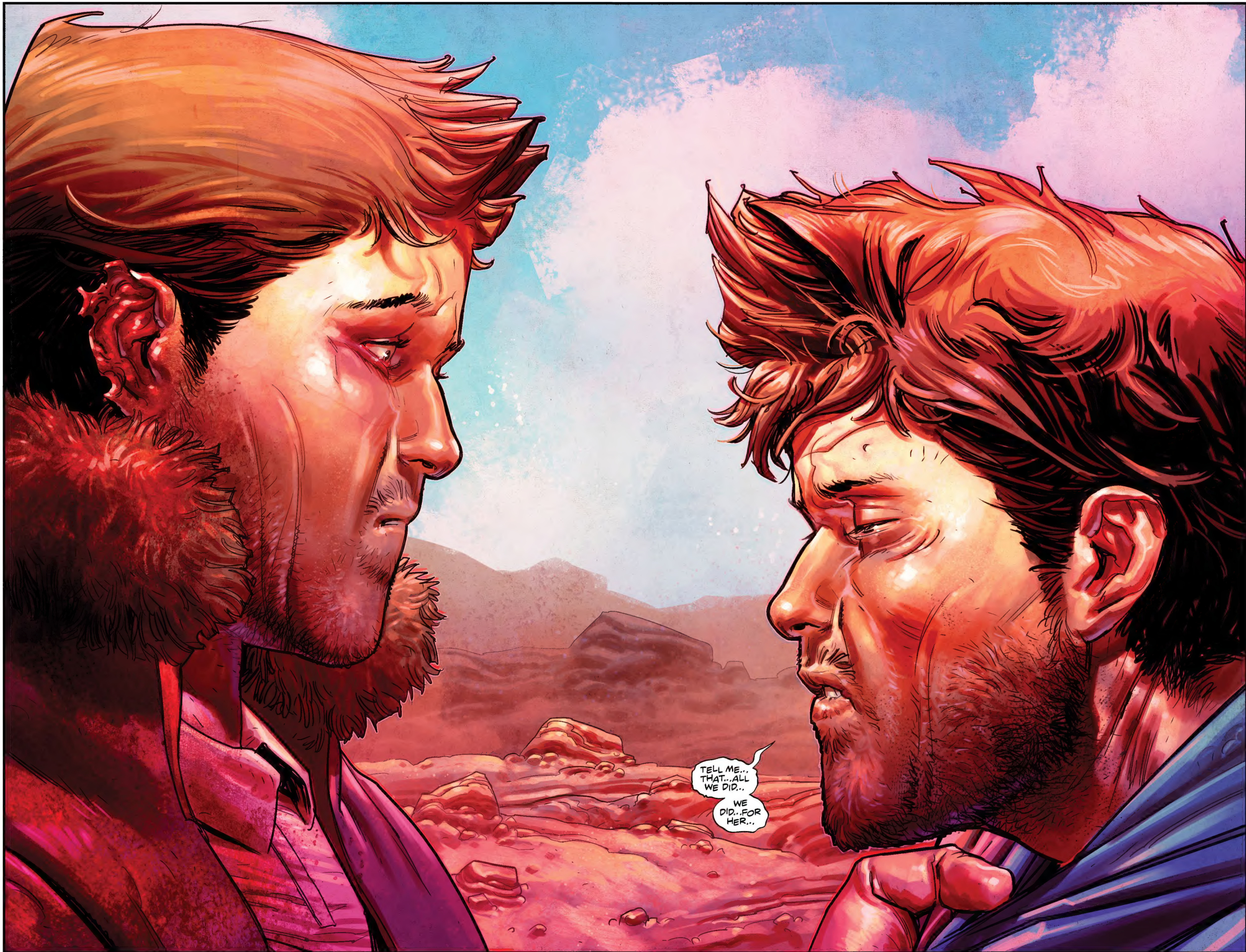


I SAID TO  
STOP.

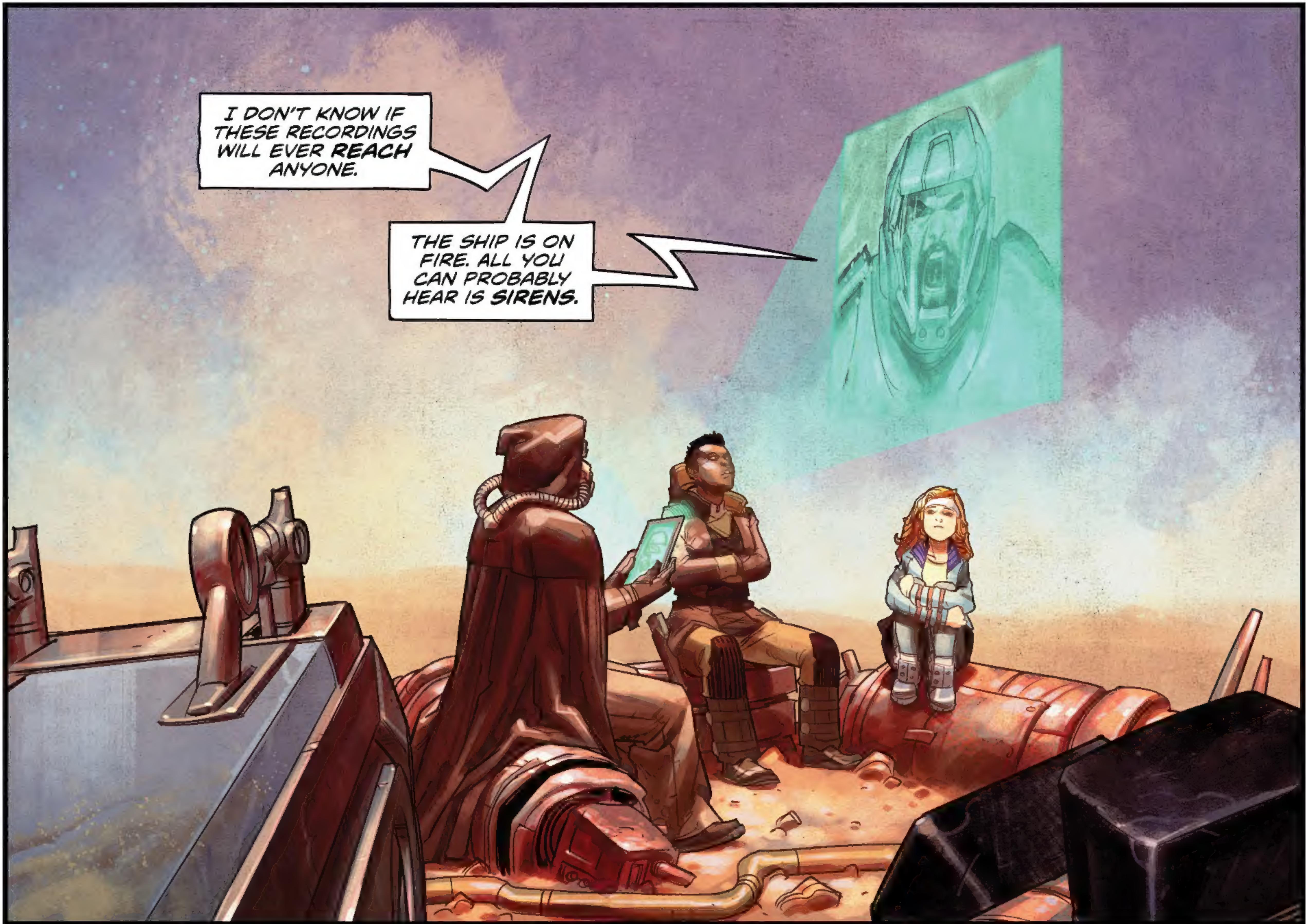


AND LOOK  
IN MY EYES  
WHEN YOU'RE  
TALKING!









I DON'T KNOW IF  
THESE RECORDINGS  
WILL EVER REACH  
ANYONE.

THE SHIP IS ON  
FIRE. ALL YOU  
CAN PROBABLY  
HEAR IS SIRENS.



WE DID EVERYTHING  
WRONG. I COULDN'T  
SAVE THAT GIRL.  
COULDN'T SAVE ANYONE.

IF THERE ARE  
EYES ABOVE, HAVE  
MERCY ~~FORGIVE~~  
~~FORGIVE~~



I REMEMBER  
SOME OF THAT.  
NOT QUITE THAT  
WAY. MAYBE NOT  
HOW IT...



IT DIDN'T  
HAPPEN!



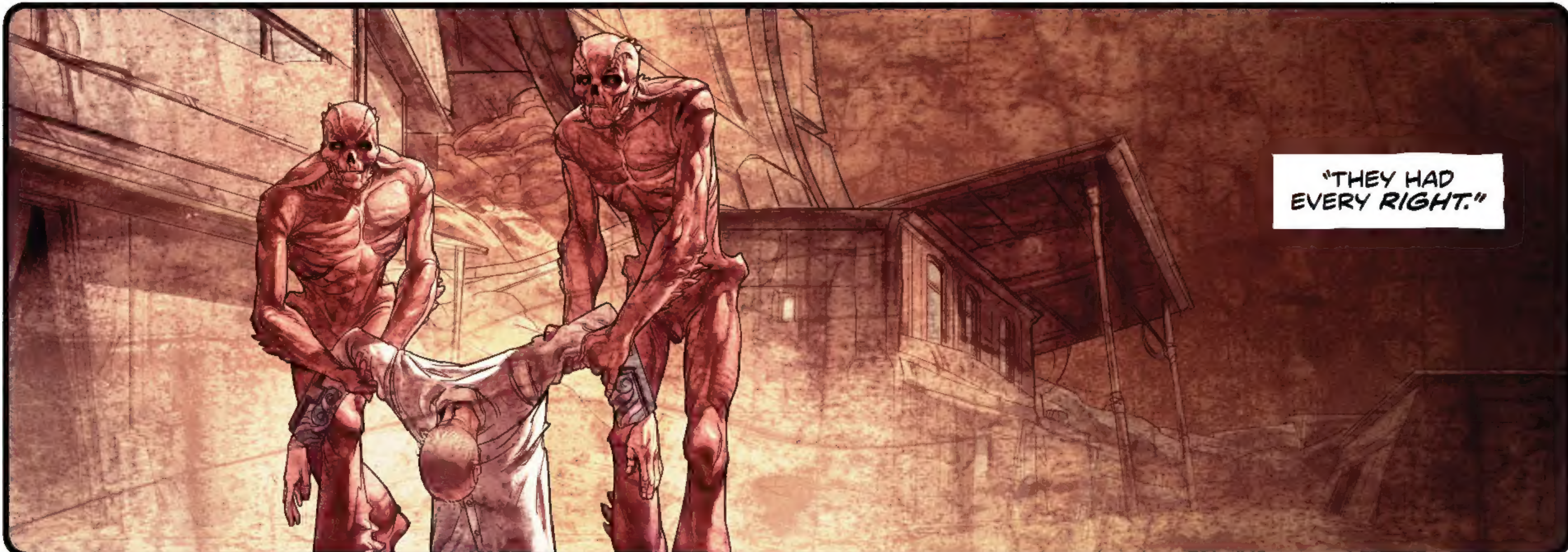


LET ME  
JUST *THINK*. I  
JUST...I NEED TO  
*REMEMBER*...



WE WALKED  
THAT CAMP  
A LONG TIME.  
US AND THE  
WHEELERS, 'TIL  
THAT WENT  
SOUR.

UNTIL THEY  
TRIED TO *EAT*  
YOU? IS THAT  
WHAT HAPPENED?  
YOU SHOULD  
LET 'EM.



"THEY HAD  
EVERY *RIGHT*."



PLEASE  
STOP YOUR  
TALKING.

WHY?  
SO YOU CAN  
GET BACK TO  
FORGETTING?











MY GUESS IS  
THIS HAS GOT ITS  
OWN MAGS UNDERNEATH.  
HE *CAN'T* HAVE CARRIED  
IT OUT HERE  
HIMSELF.

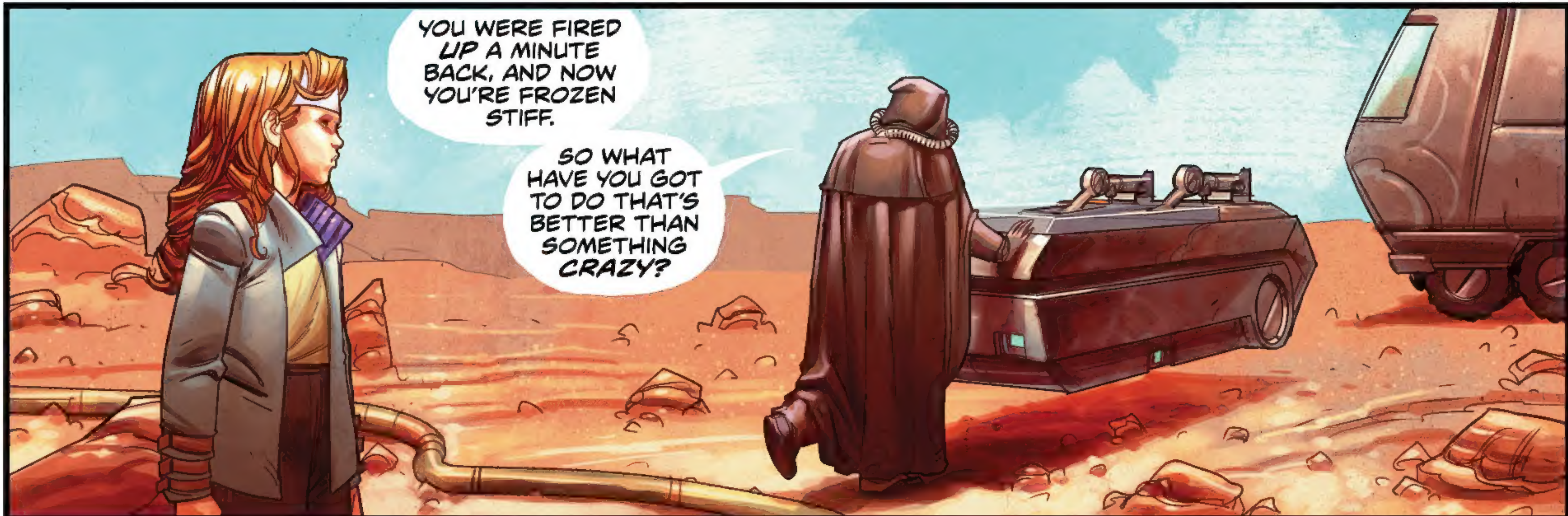
WHAT  
DO YOU  
CARE?



I BEEN ON  
THIS ROCK A HALF  
AN *HOUR* AND  
ALREADY MY WHOLE  
*LIFE* RAN OUT OF  
SENSE.

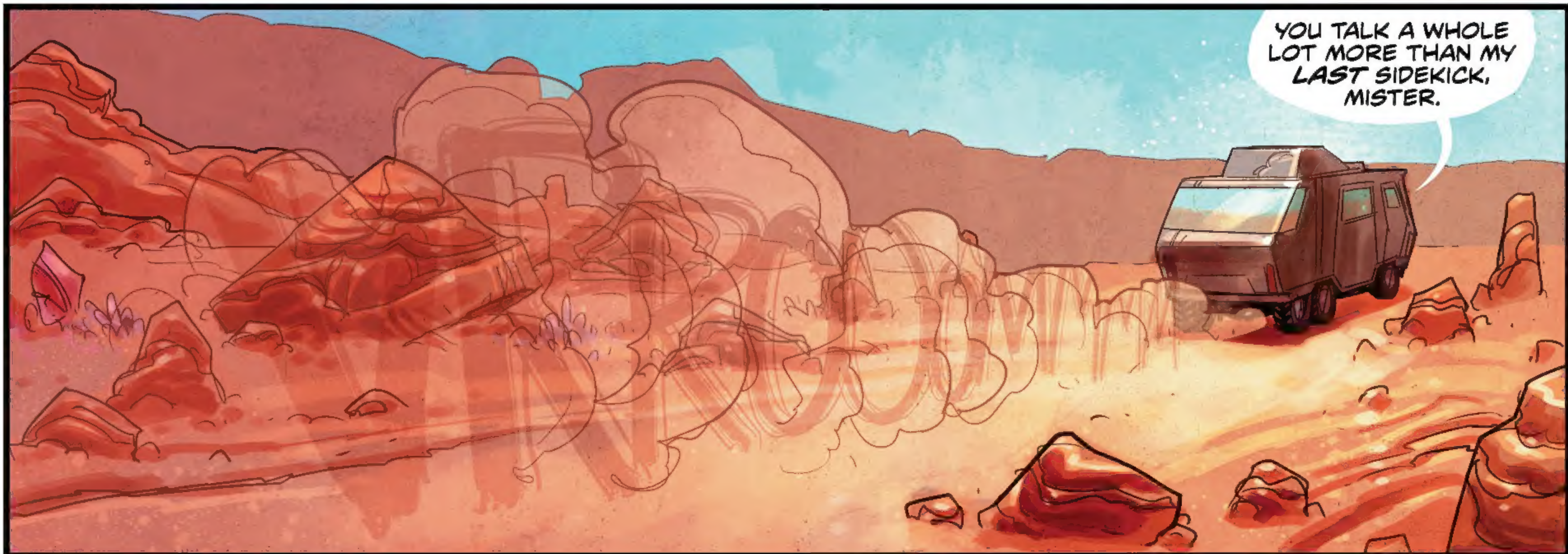
I MET FOUR  
PEOPLE HERE IN  
FOREVER. *THIS*  
ONE'S ALMOST  
DEAD.

THE  
OTHERS  
GONE.



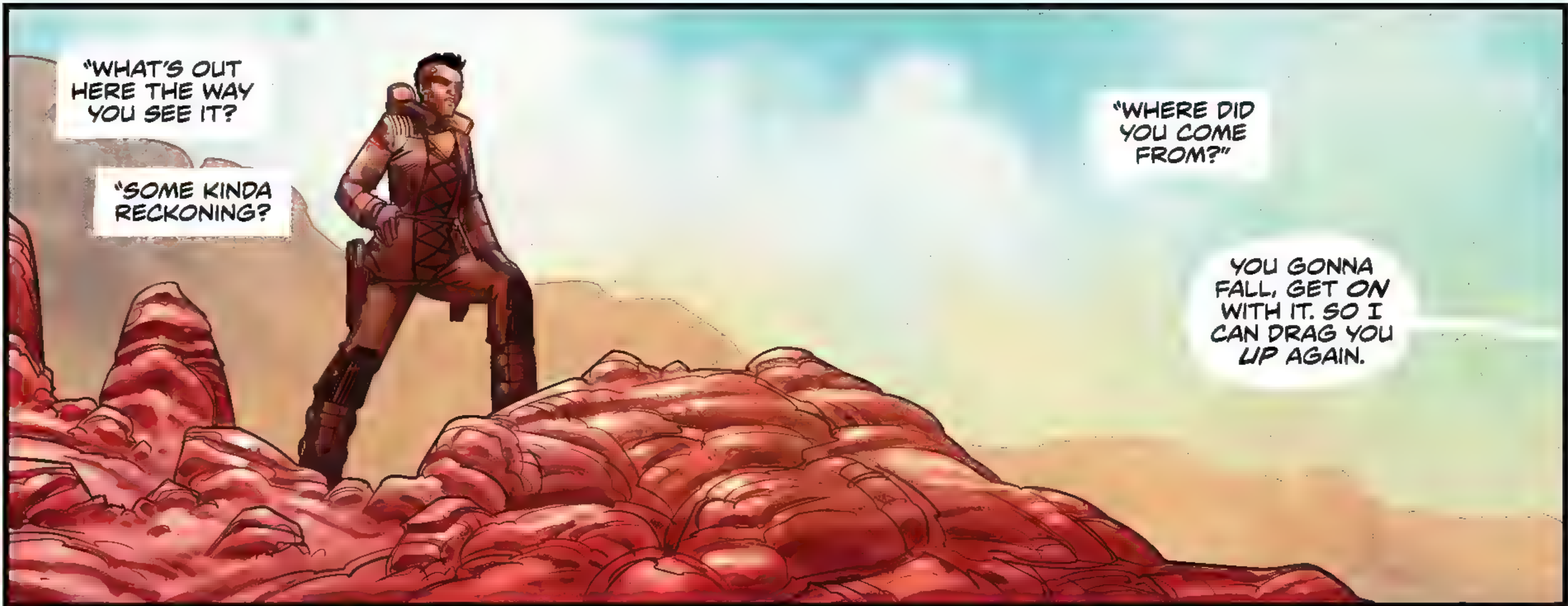
YOU WERE FIRED  
*UP* A MINUTE  
BACK, AND NOW  
YOU'RE FROZEN  
STIFF.

SO WHAT  
HAVE YOU GOT  
TO DO THAT'S  
BETTER THAN  
SOMETHING  
*CRAZY*?



YOU TALK A WHOLE  
LOT MORE THAN MY  
LAST SIDEKICK,  
MISTER.





"WHAT'S OUT  
HERE THE WAY  
YOU SEE IT?"

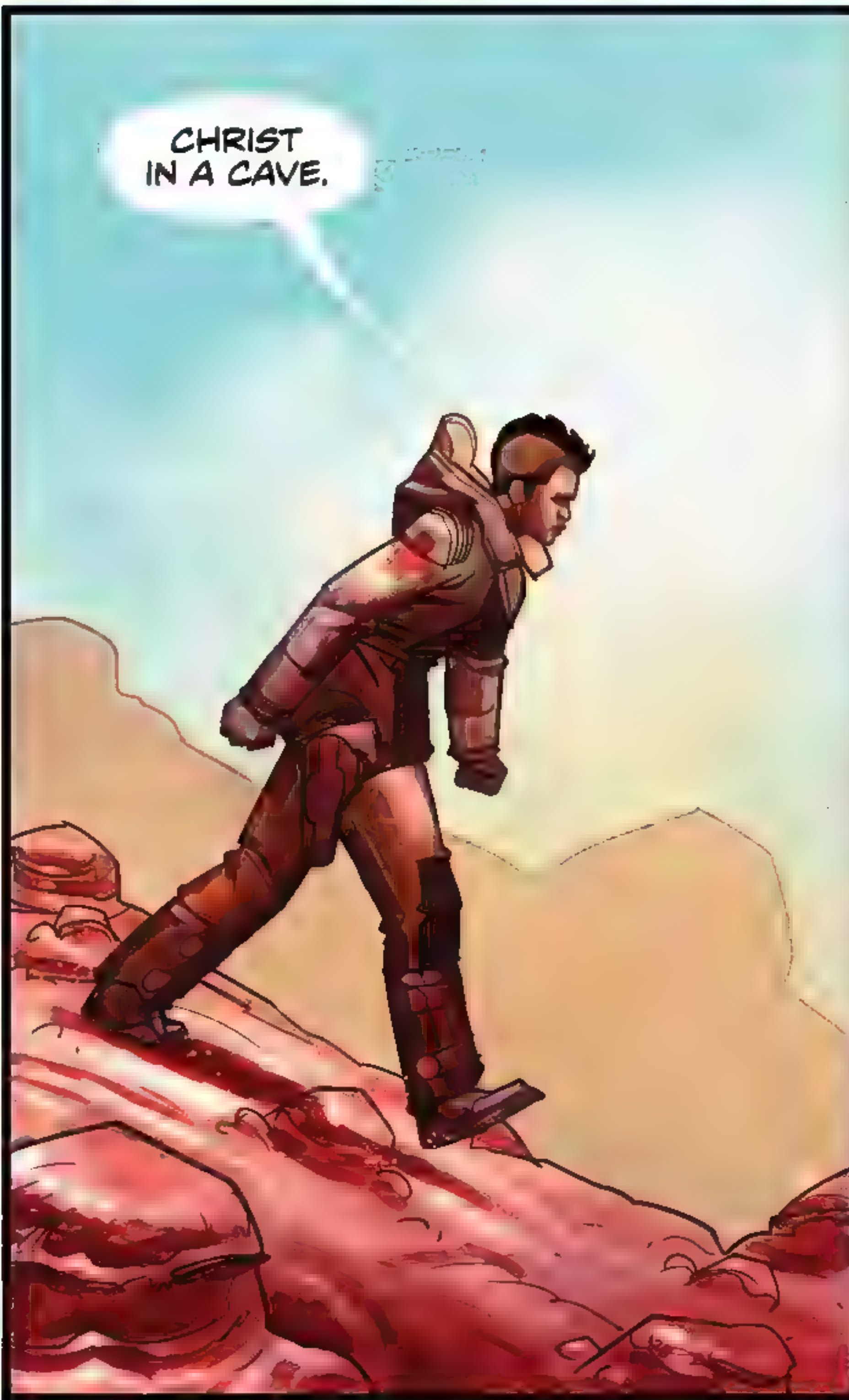
"SOME KINDA  
RECKONING?"

"WHERE DID  
YOU COME  
FROM?"

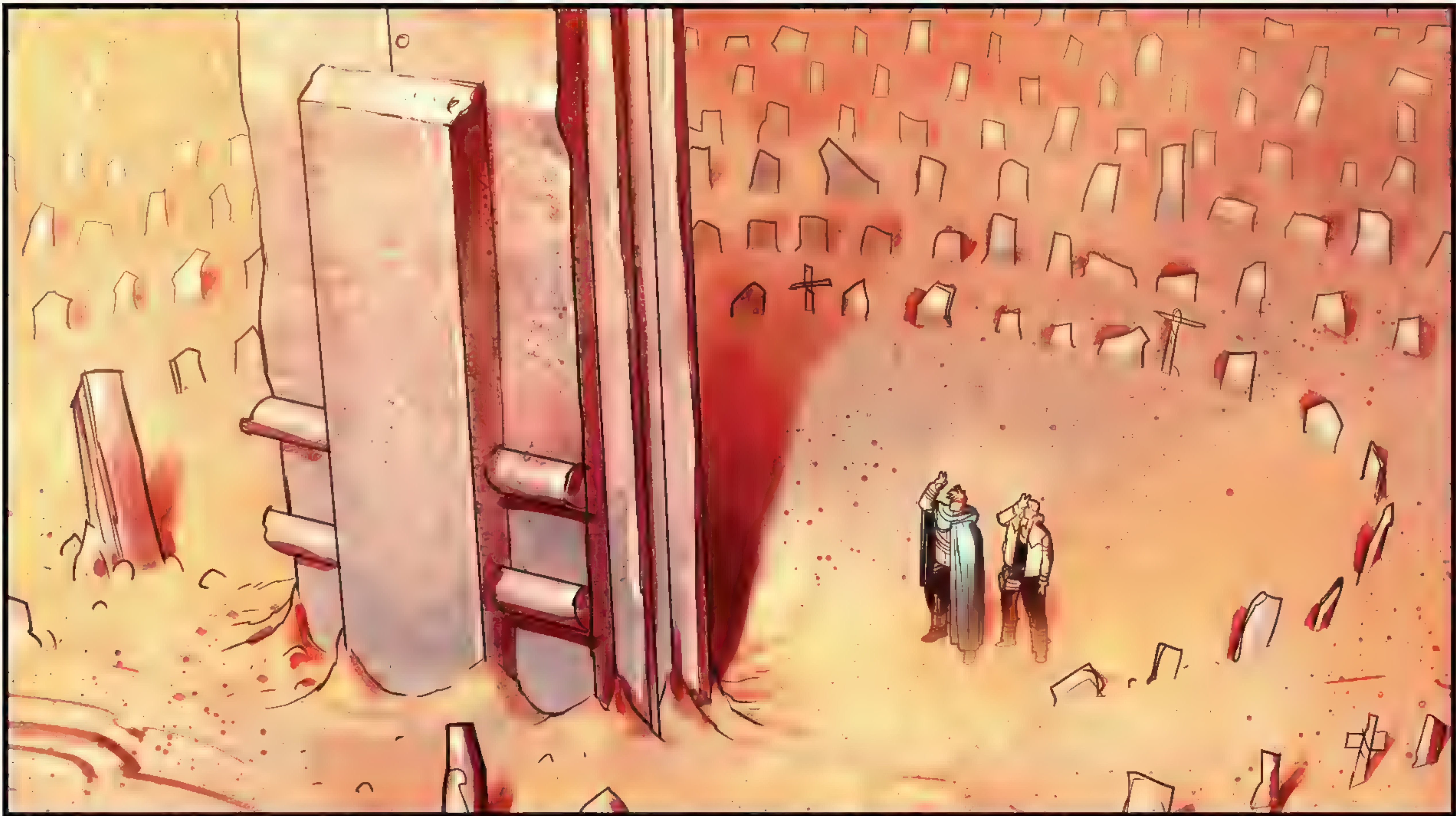
YOU GONNA  
FALL, GET ON  
WITH IT. SO I  
CAN DRAG YOU  
UP AGAIN.



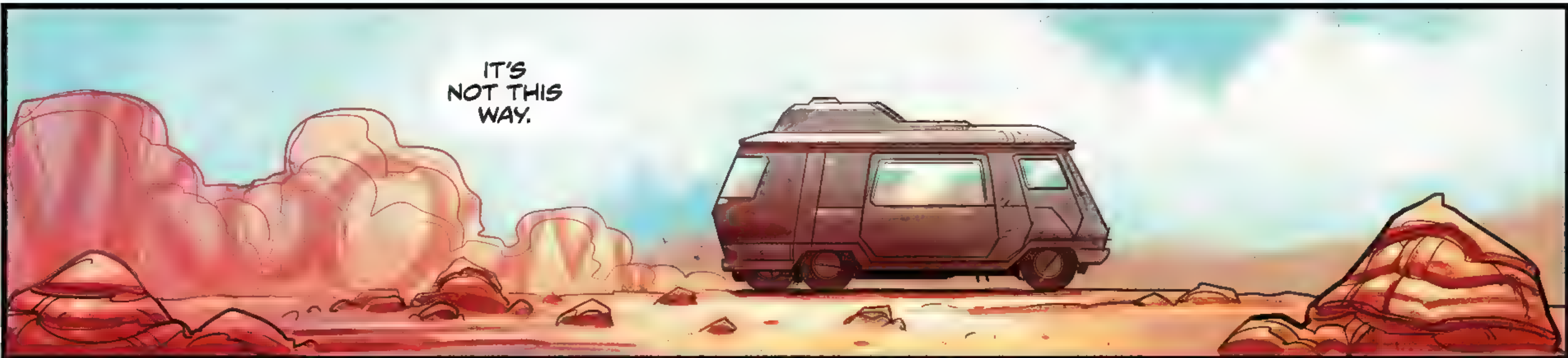
NO  
I...CAN  
WALK...



CHRIST  
IN A CAVE.





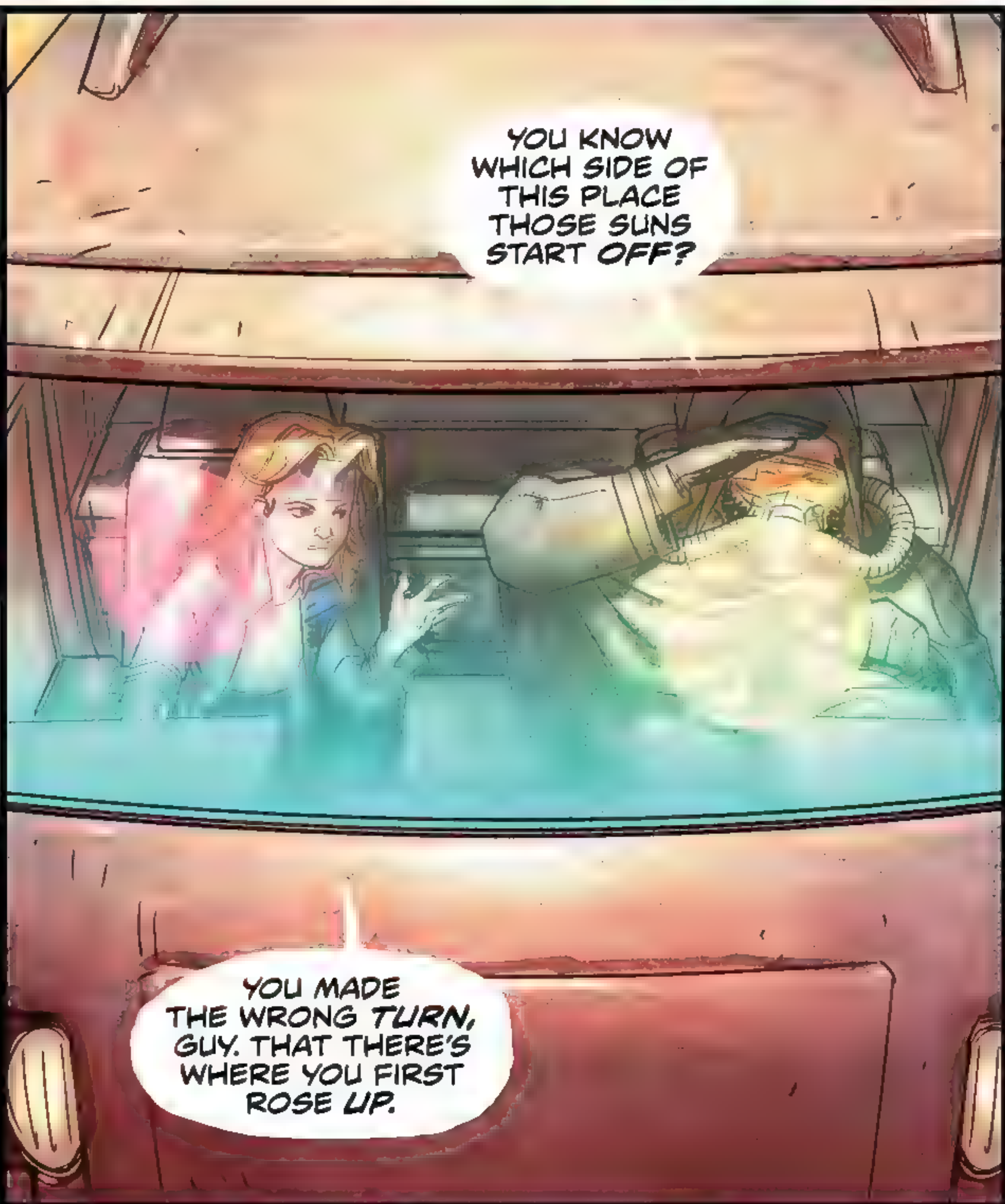


IT'S  
NOT THIS  
WAY.



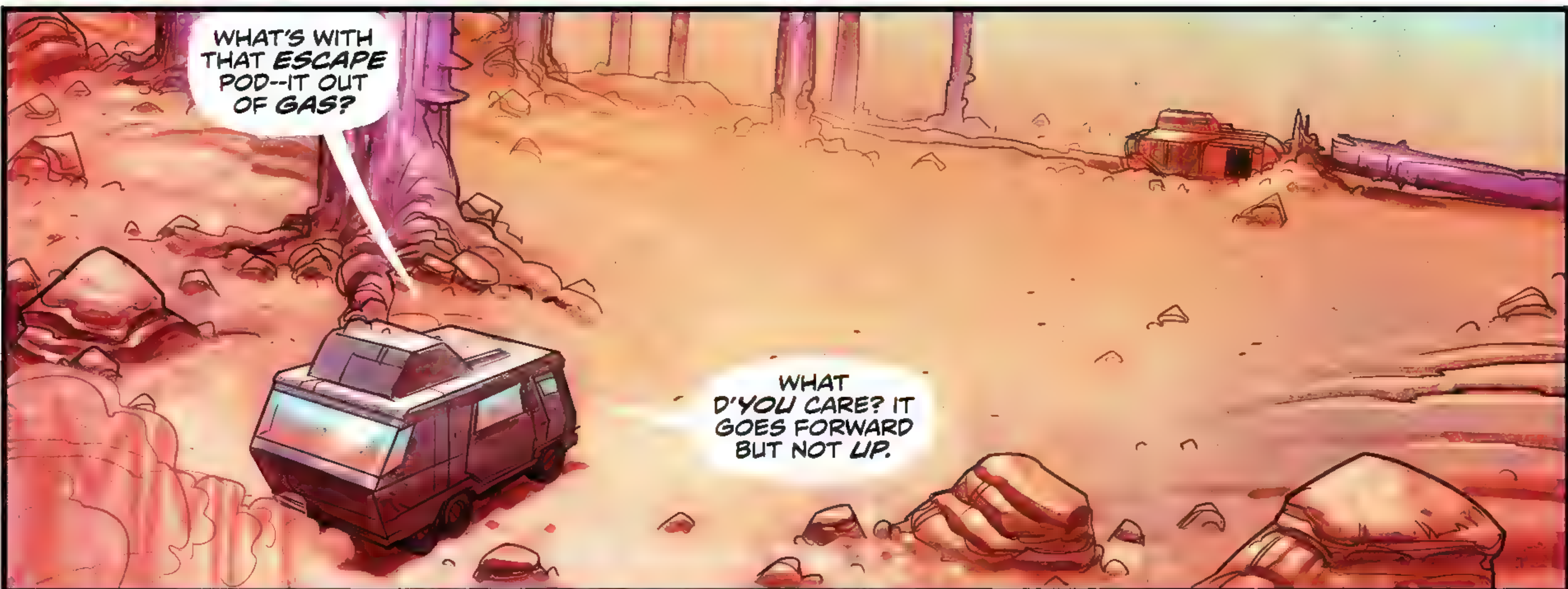
I GOT THESE  
MEMORIES OF  
DRIVING...

NOW I  
REALIZE  
I NEVER  
REALLY  
HAVE.



YOU KNOW  
WHICH SIDE OF  
THIS PLACE  
THOSE SUNS  
START OFF?

YOU MADE  
THE WRONG TURN,  
GUY. THAT THERE'S  
WHERE YOU FIRST  
ROSE UP.



WHAT'S WITH  
THAT **ESCAPE**  
POD--IT OUT  
OF GAS?

WHAT  
D'YOU CARE? IT  
GOES FORWARD  
BUT NOT UP.



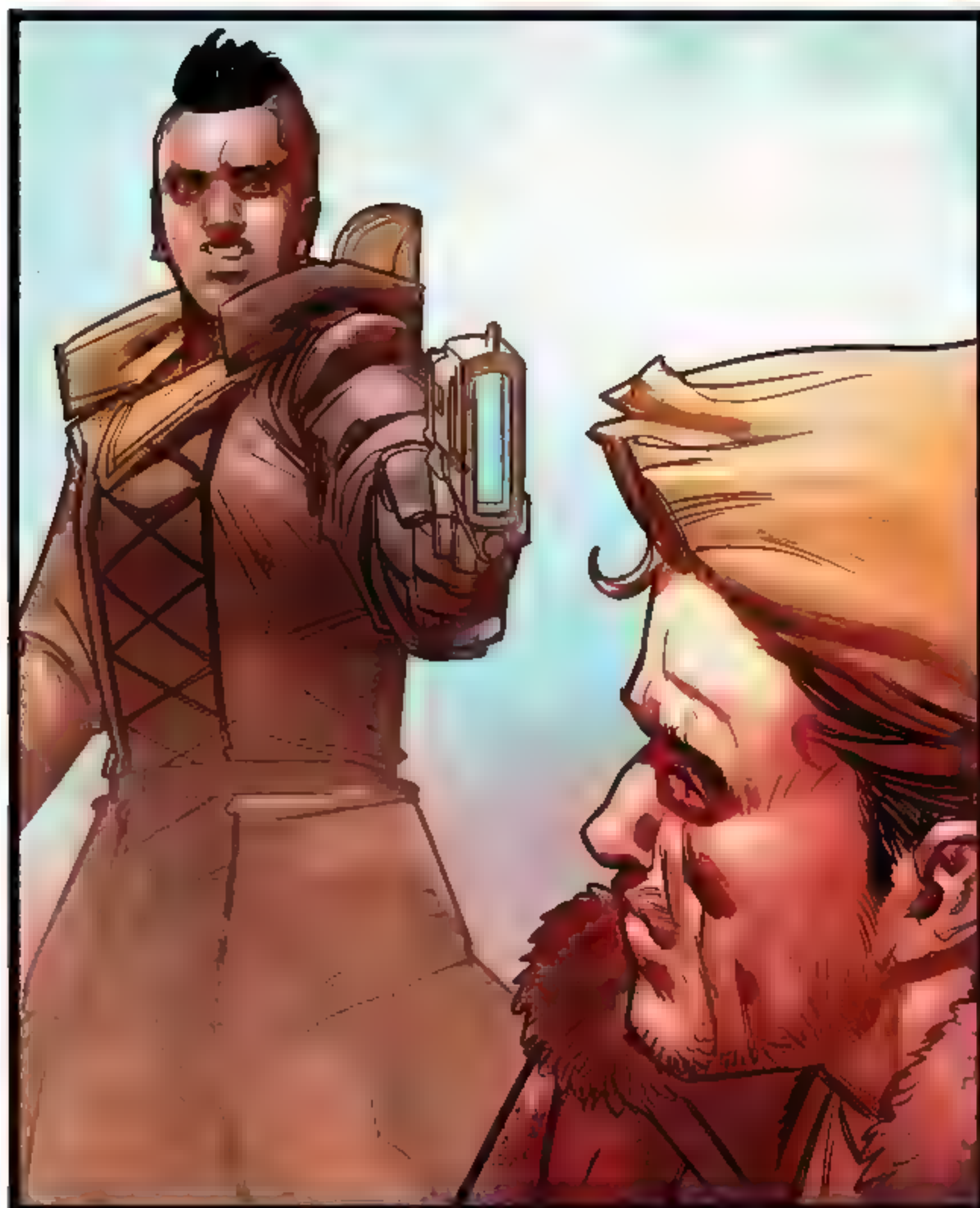
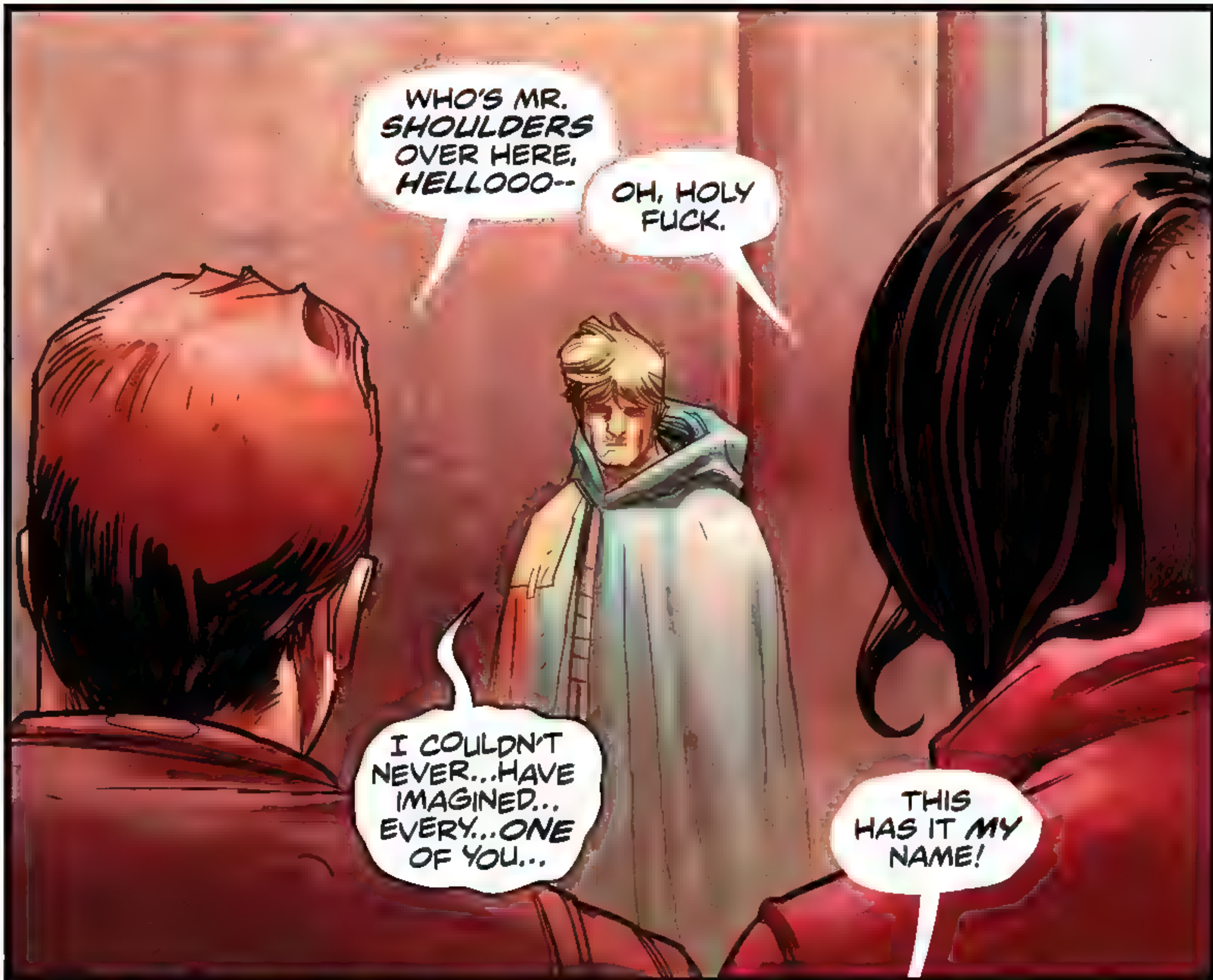
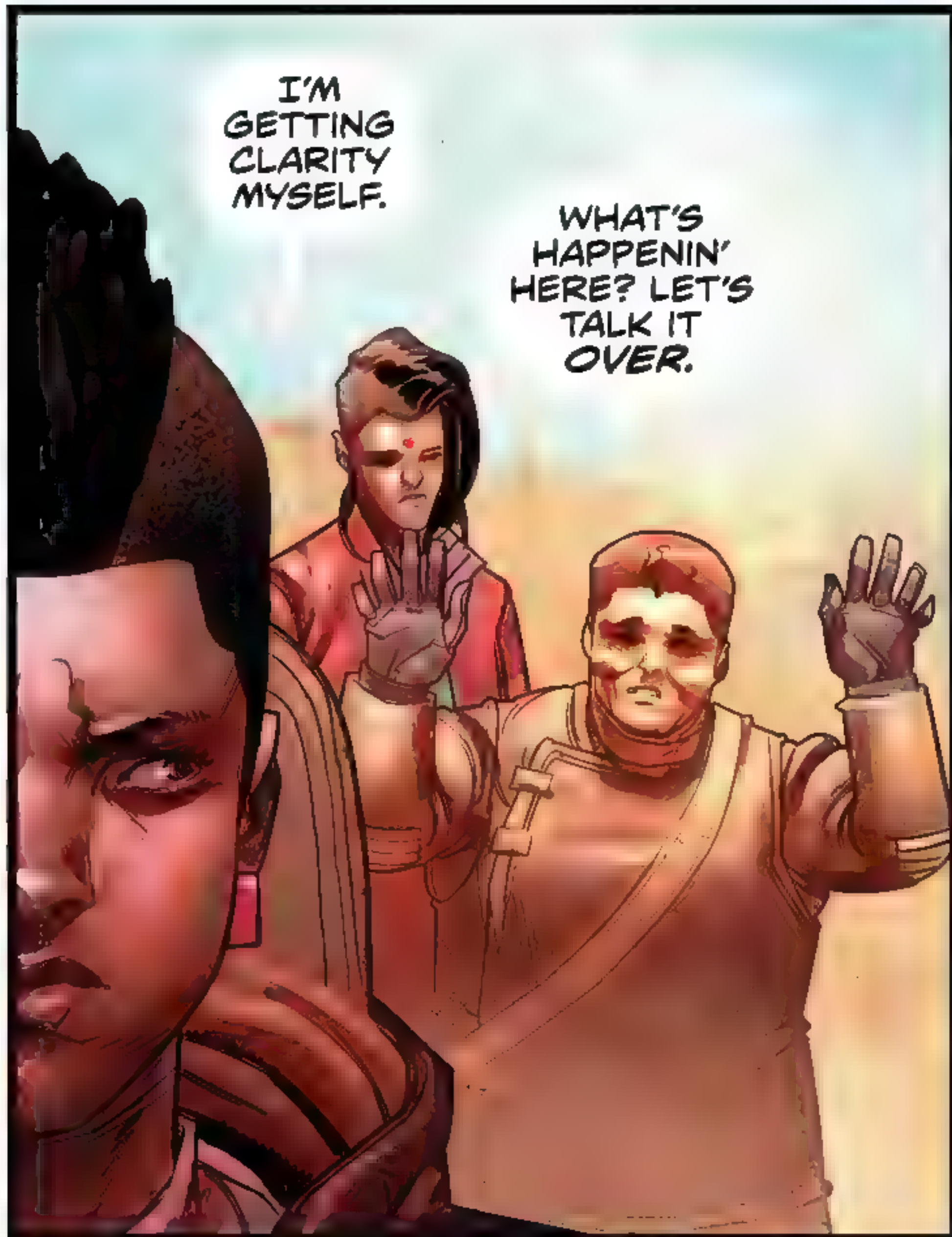
WILL WE...  
**BOTH**...FIT  
IN THERE?

OR IS...IT  
MINE...ALONE?  
OR...YOURS?

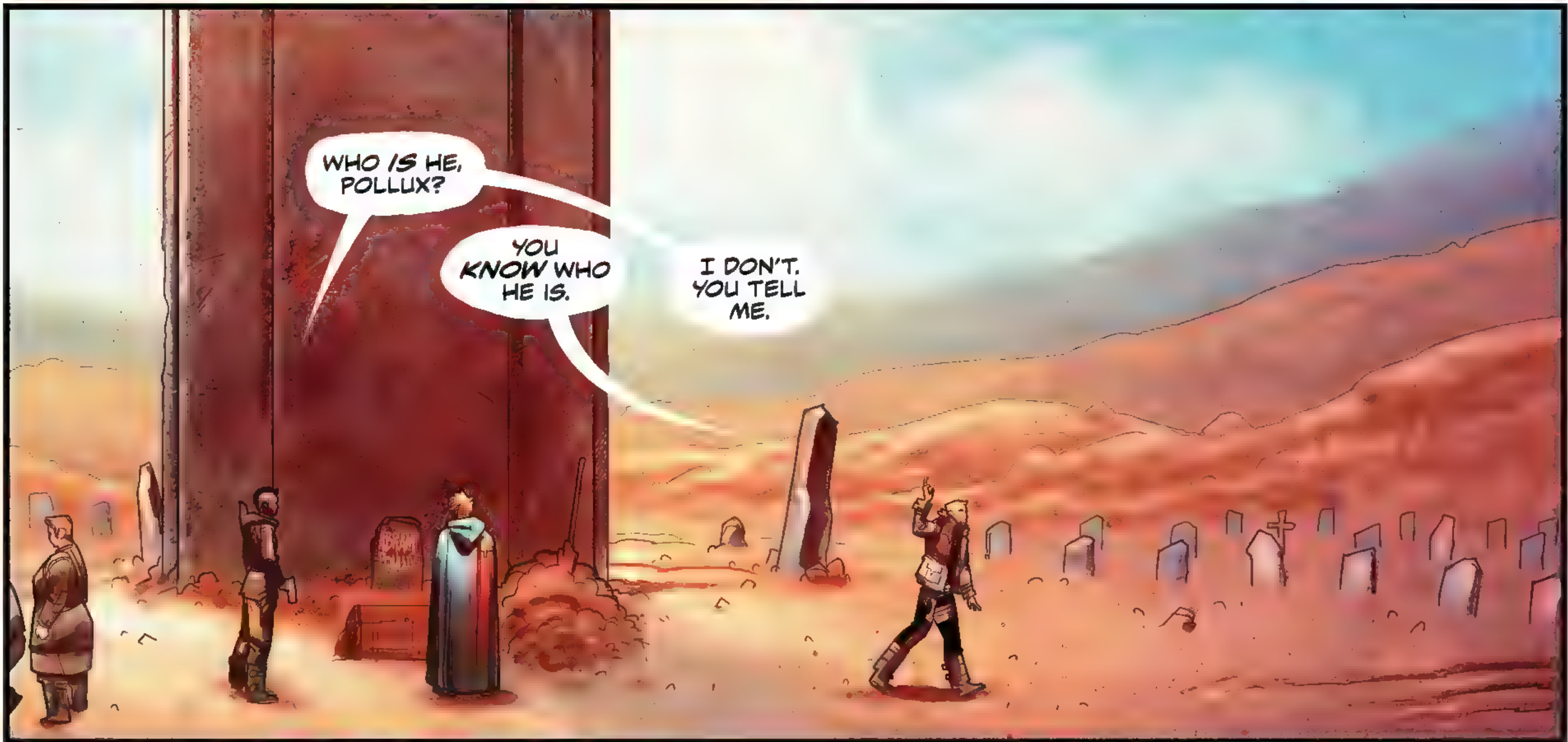
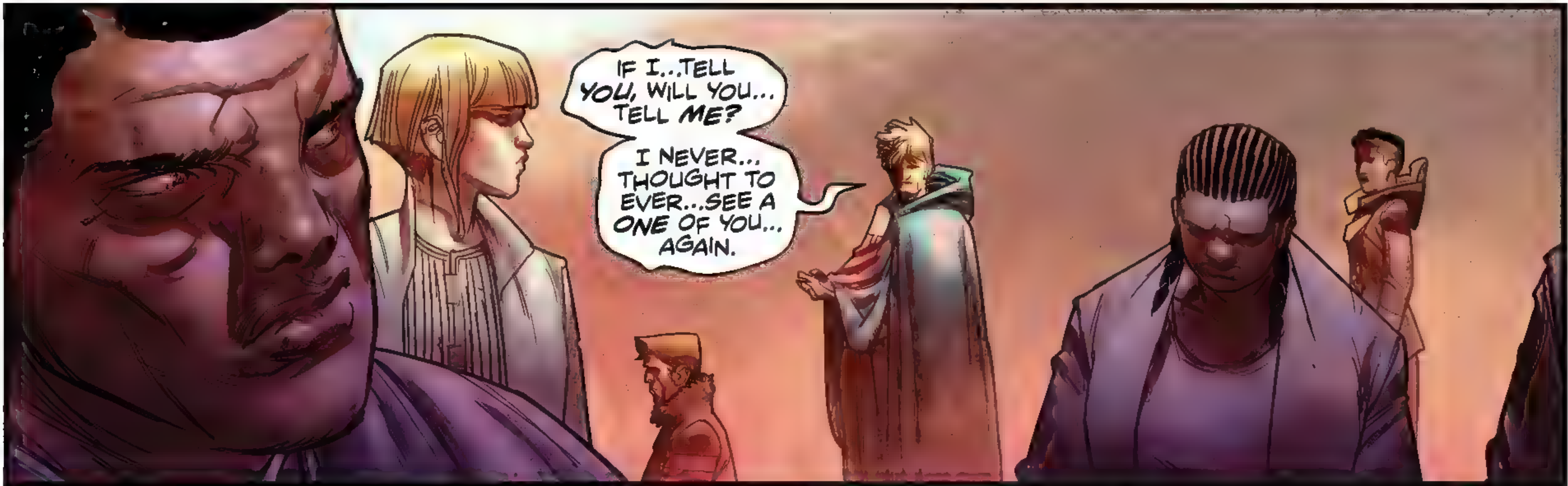










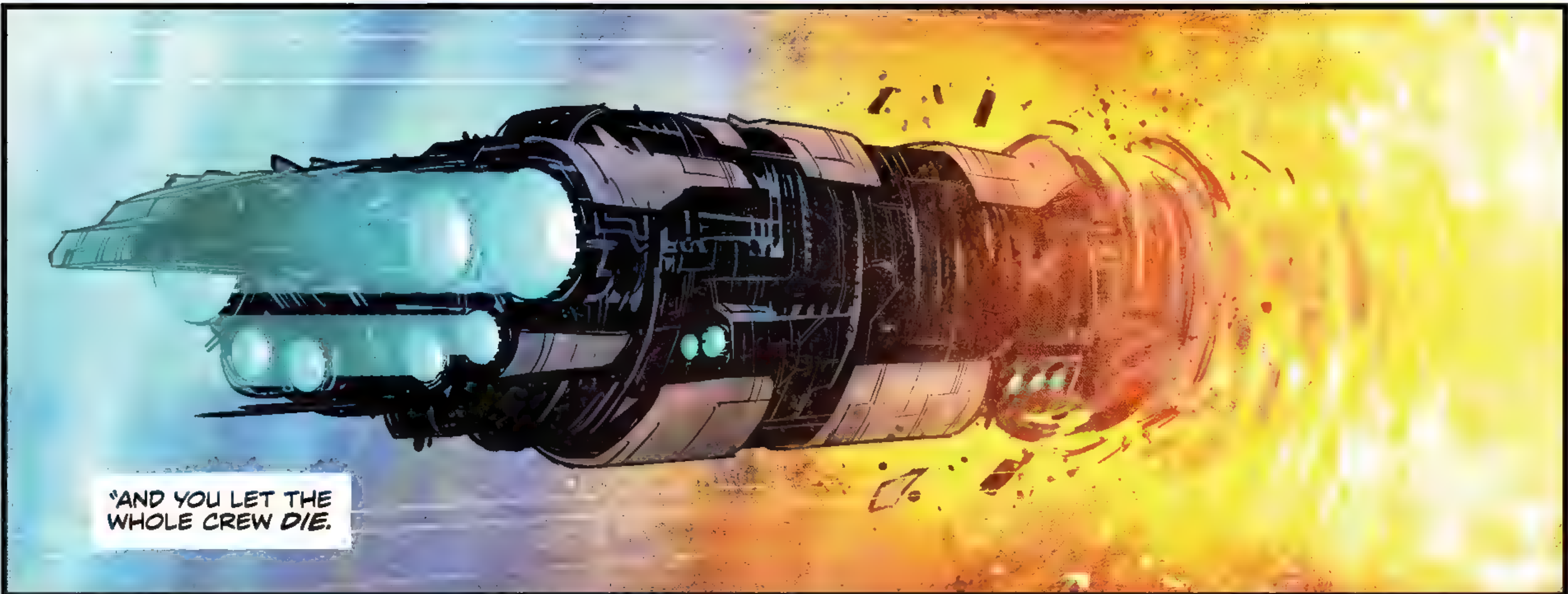




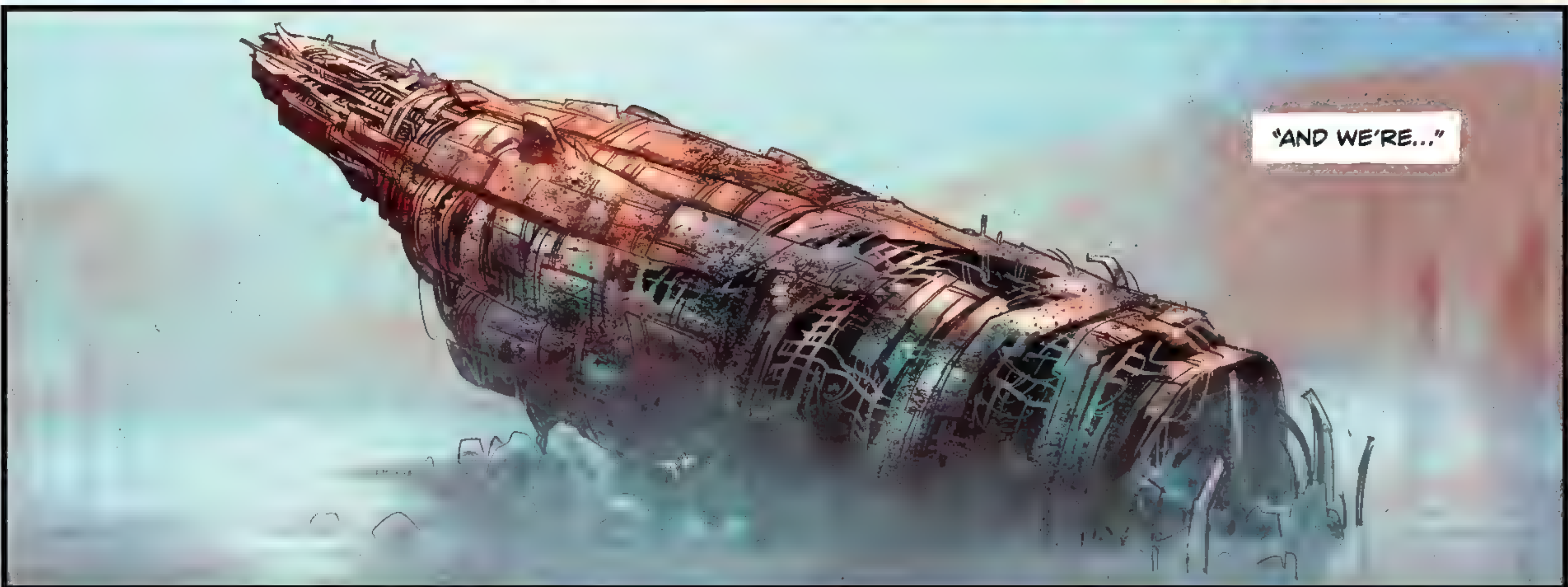
"THAT WAS  
YOUR SHIP."



"AND YOU LET THE  
WHOLE CREW DIE."



"AND WE'RE..."

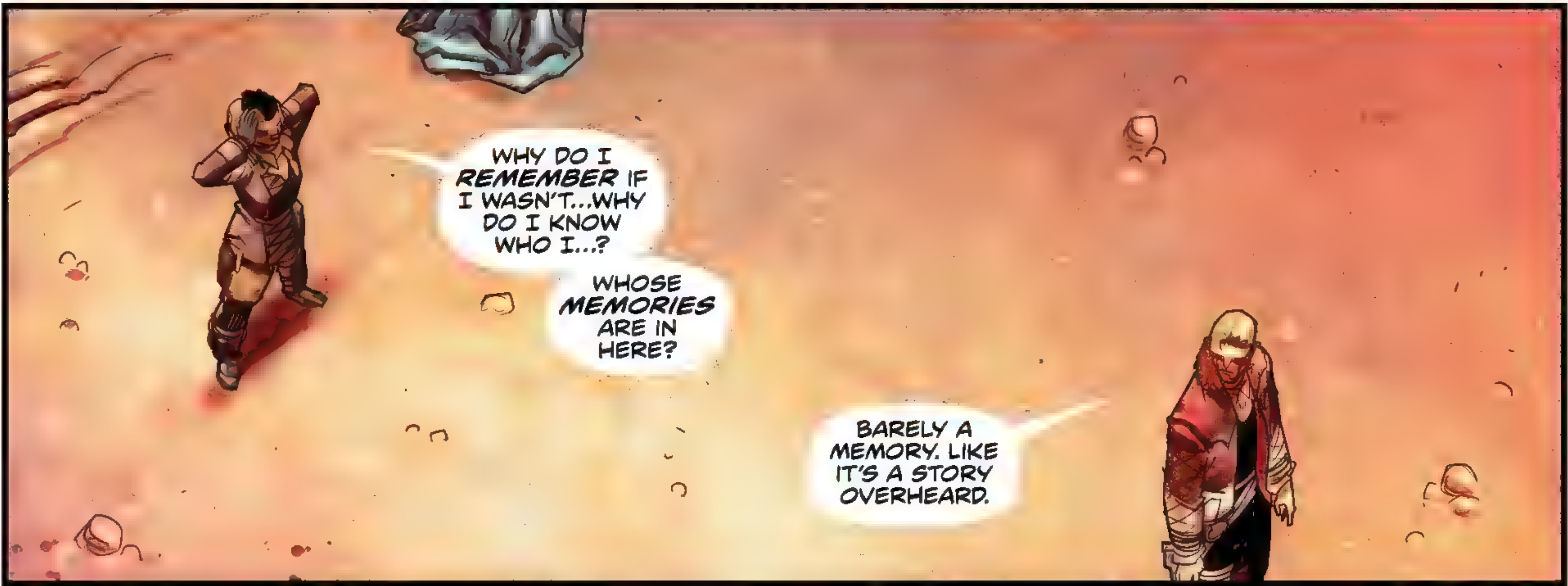


NO...  
NO ONE  
DIED...

LOOK  
AT...YOU  
ALL...







WHY DO I  
REMEMBER IF  
I WASN'T...WHY  
DO I KNOW  
WHO I...?

WHOSE  
MEMORIES  
ARE IN  
HERE?

BARELY A  
MEMORY, LIKE  
IT'S A STORY  
OVERHEARD.



AND WHAT ARE  
WE WORTH THAT  
WE SHOULD KNOW  
MORE? SOME KINDA  
BUG GROWN OUTTA  
THINGS THAT  
PEOPLE KNEW.

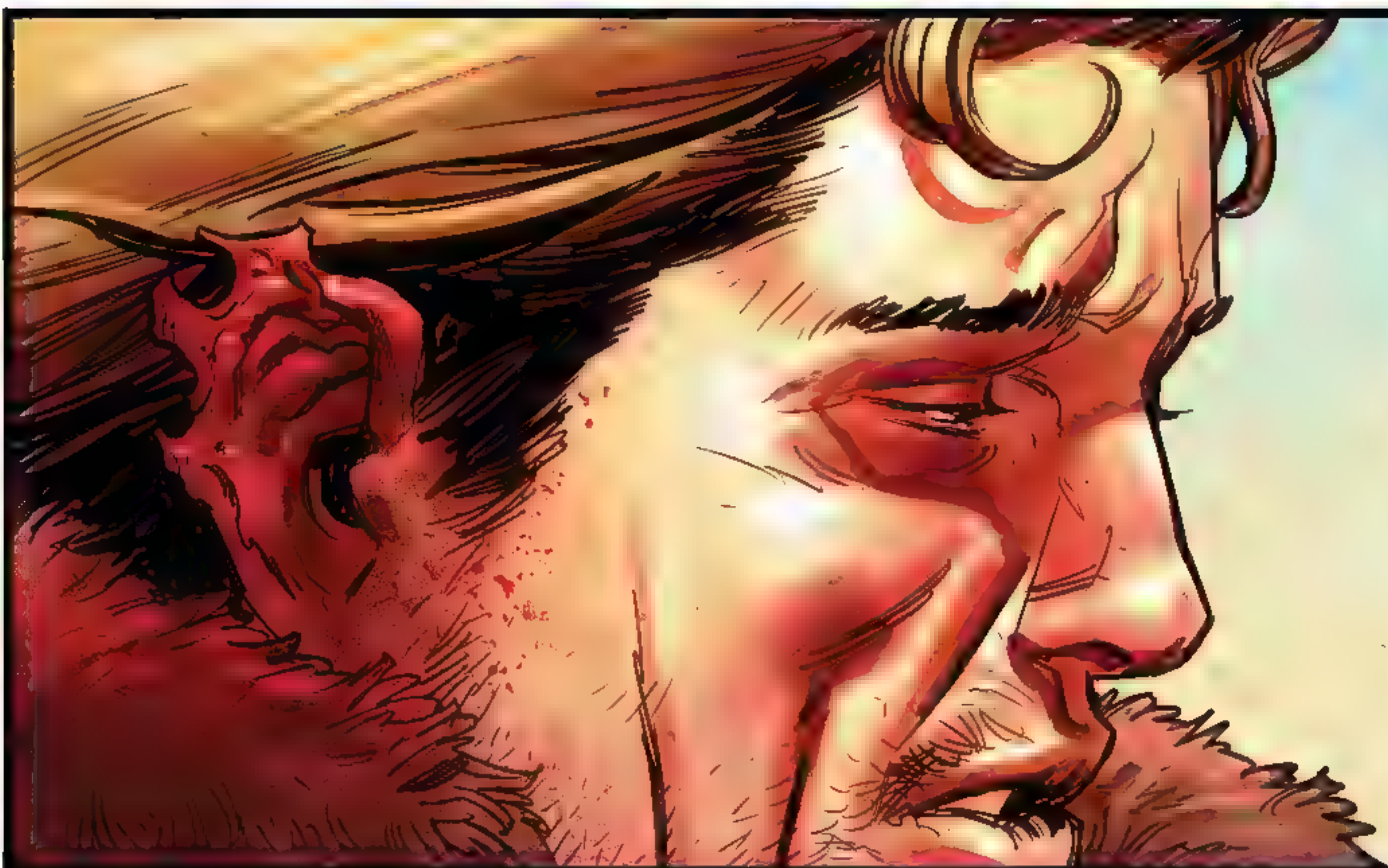
DIRTY  
REFLECTIONS.



MADE OUT'A  
MUD, WITHOUT THE  
SENSE TO KNOW  
OUR TIME'S RUN  
OUT.



IS IT  
RUN  
OUT?



THIS WASN'T  
MEANT FOR  
US.

ALL'A THEM  
BIRDS, THEM BLUES,  
THE THINGS DOWN  
UNDERNEATH.





ALL OF US  
MISCAST DUST,  
JUST TRYING  
TO BE REAL.



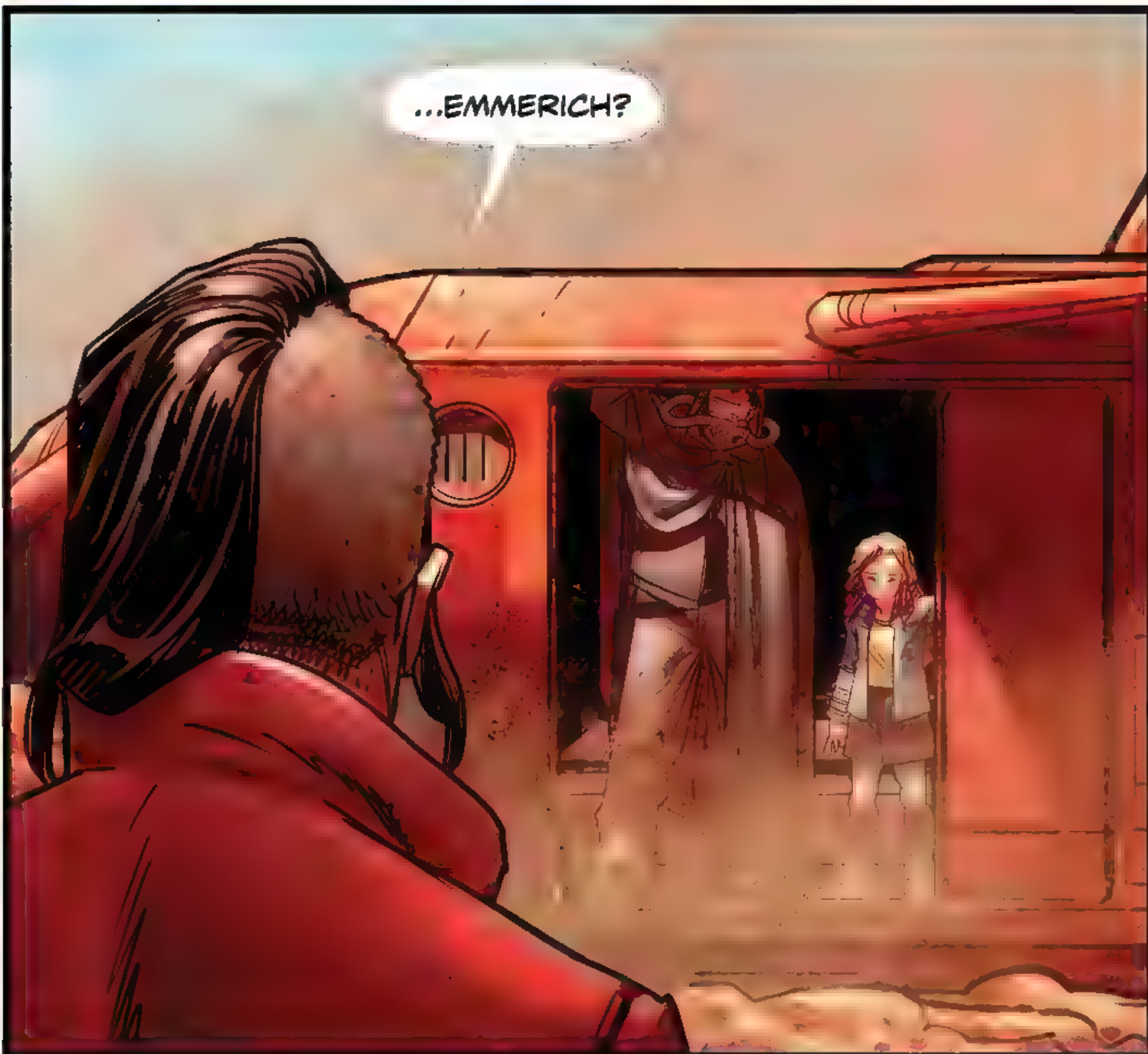
OUGHT NOW  
TO CLIMB INTO THE  
GROUND WITH  
WHATEVER'S LEFT  
IN THERE.




WHAT ARE  
YOU SAYING?  
AM I...ARE WE  
IN THOSE  
GRAVES?

WHO  
PUT US IN  
THERE?











I DON'T  
KNOW YOU,  
MISTER. I  
WON'T FIGHT  
YOU.



YOU NEED  
SOME WATER?  
WHAT CAN I  
DO?

CAN  
BARELY...  
SEE...



THIS  
AIR...THERE'S  
TOO MUCH  
OXYGEN...



...BUT IN  
THE CAPSULE,  
WHERE MY  
WIFE LAY...



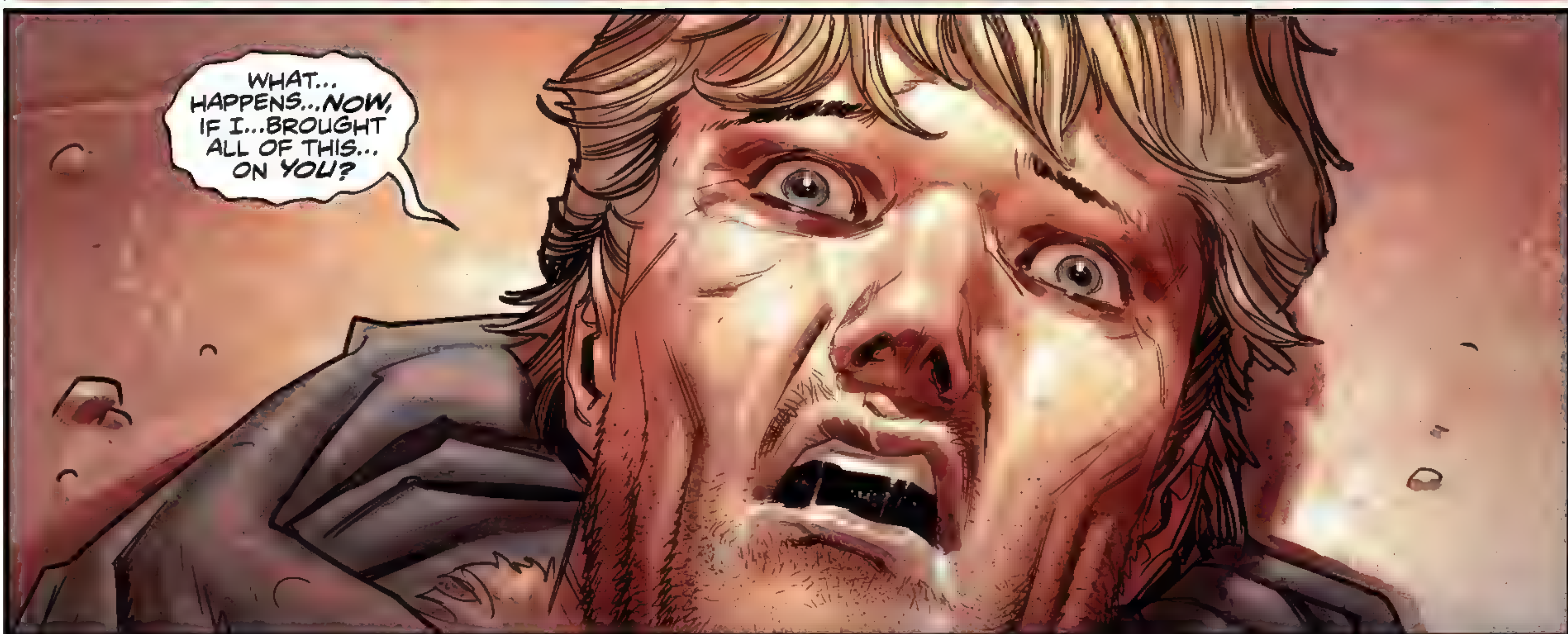
EMMERICH'S...  
THE OTHER'S  
IN THERE.

SHOT  
UP BAD.









TO BE  
CONCLUDED



DRIFTE created by Ivan Brandor and Nic Klein  
AN OFFSET COMICS PRODUCTION

# SOME KINDA RECKONING





Story: Ivan Brandon & Nic Klein  
Script: Ivan Brandon  
Full color art: Nic Klein  
Lettering: Aditya Bidikar  
Logo and design: Tom Muller  
Cover artists: Cover A: Nic Klein  
Cover B: Thomas von Kummant  
Editor: Sebastian Gerner

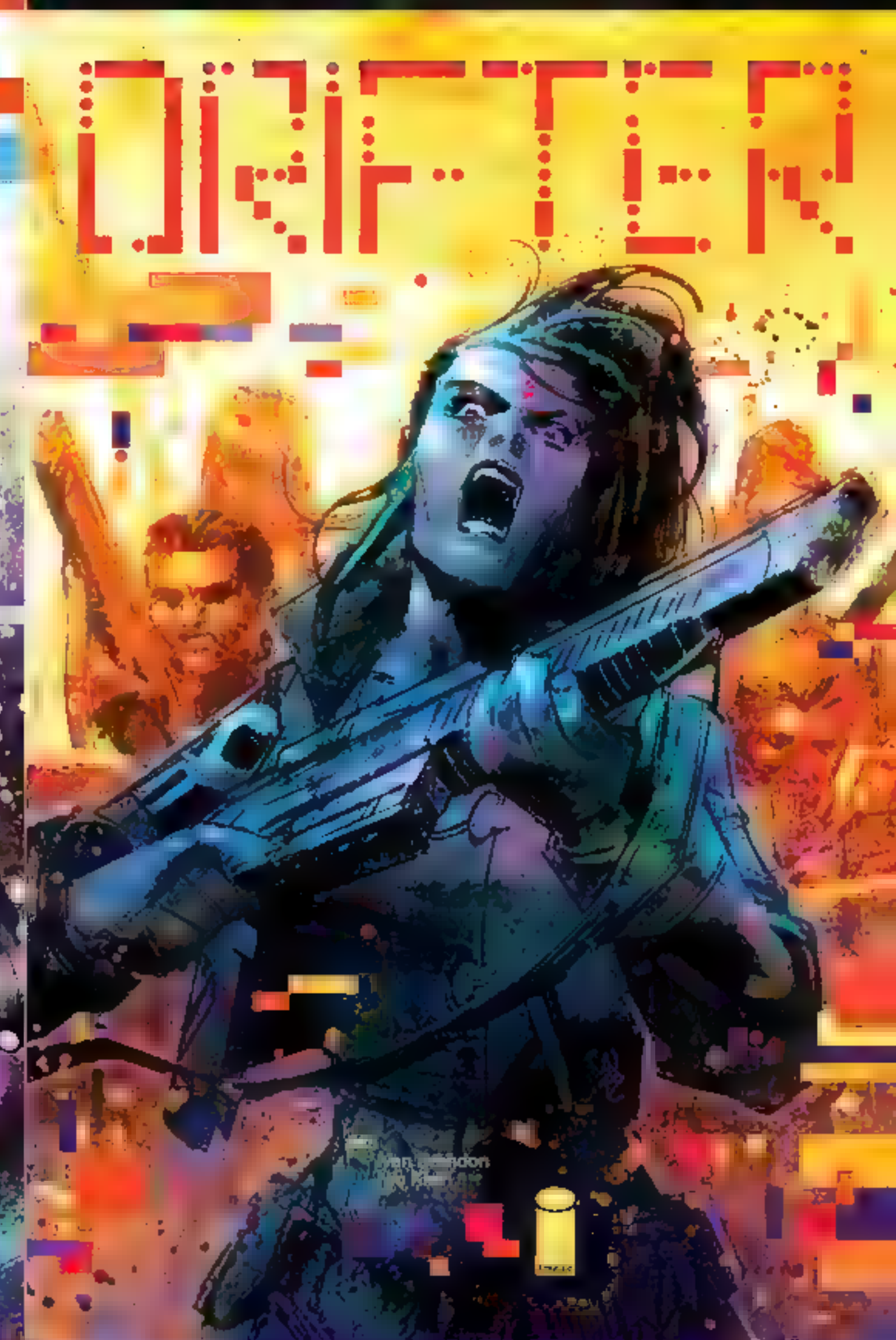
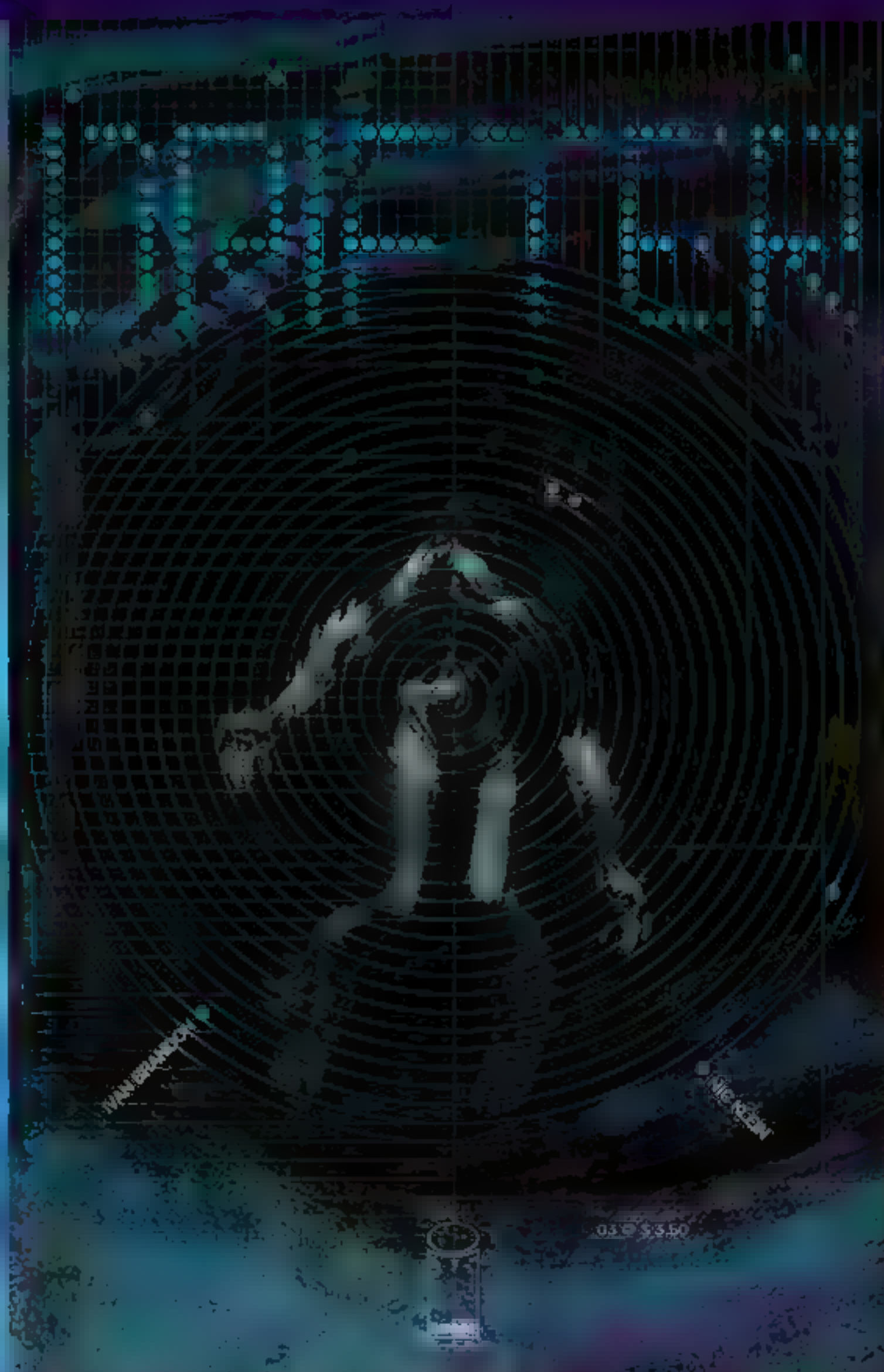
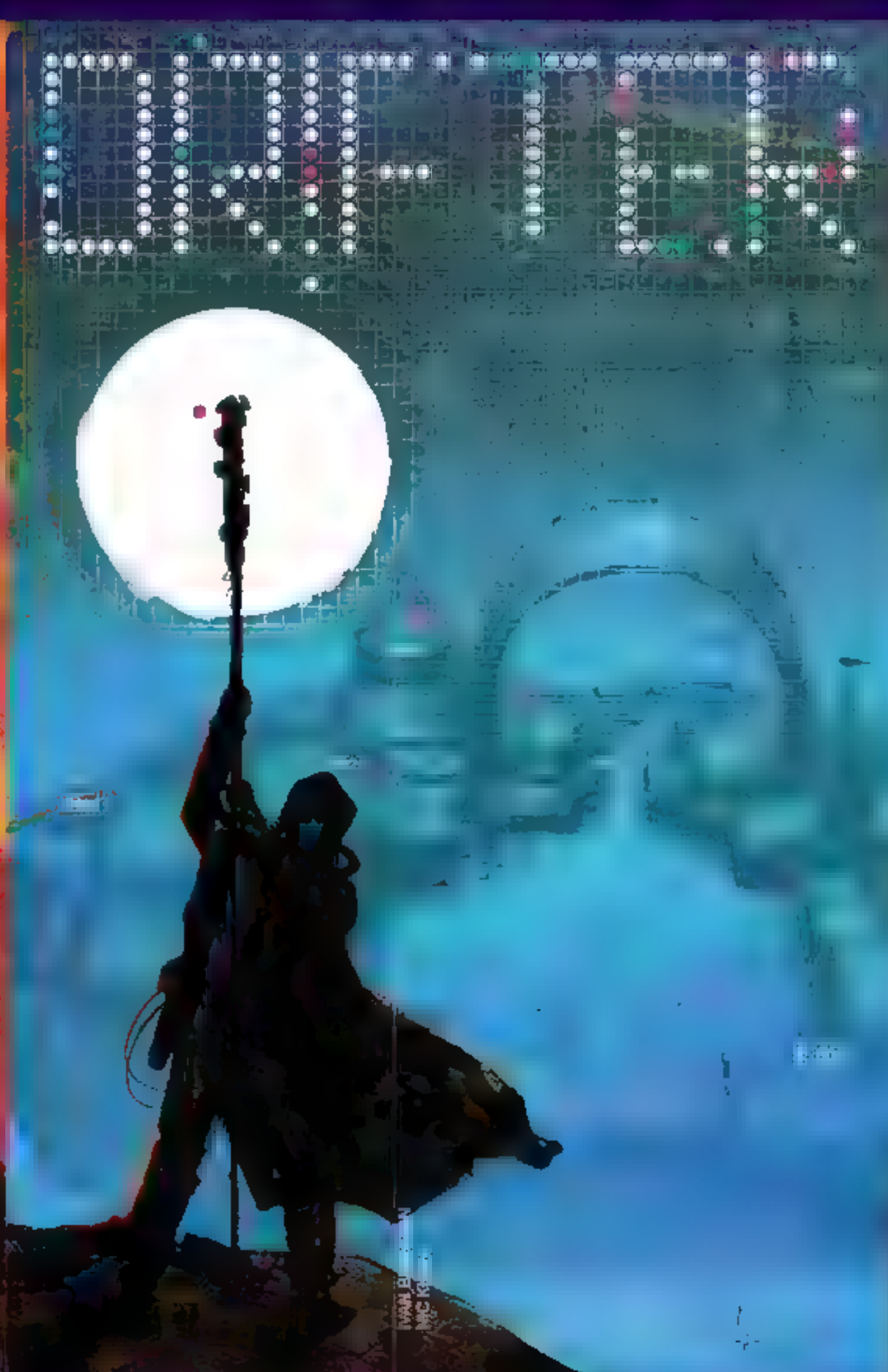
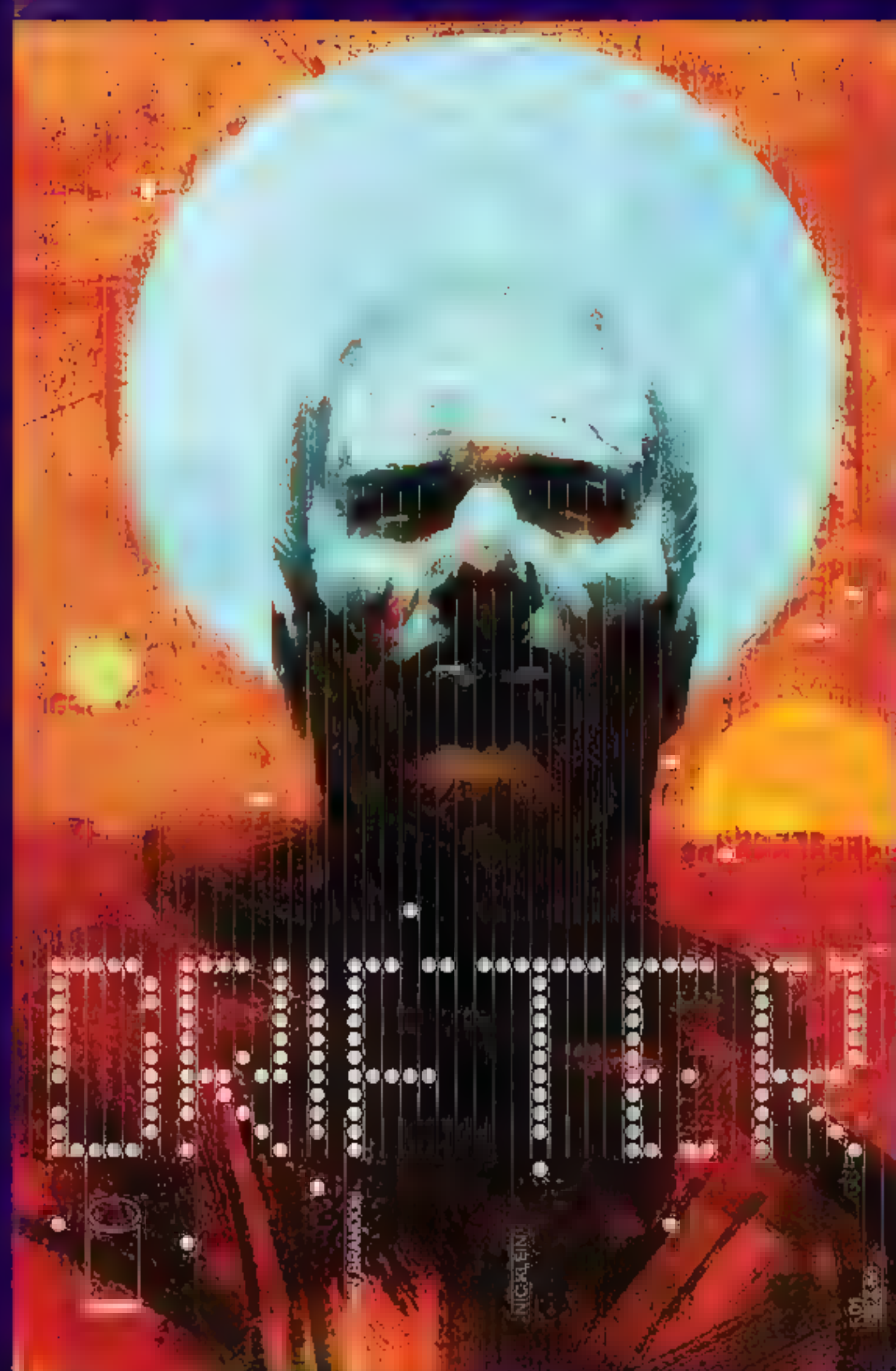
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DRIFTER  
1-19 COVERS  
BY NIC KLEIN  
WITH DESIGN  
BY TOM MULLER





The creators that brought you Spider-Gwen, SOUTHERN BASTARDS, and DRIFTER, and the incredible colorist of THE WICKED + THE DIVINE, bring you to a place where dreams are real— and today they go to war.

# BLACK CLOUD™

JASON LATOUR    IVAN BRANDON    GREG HINKLE    MATT WILSON

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WILL BE  
REVEALED

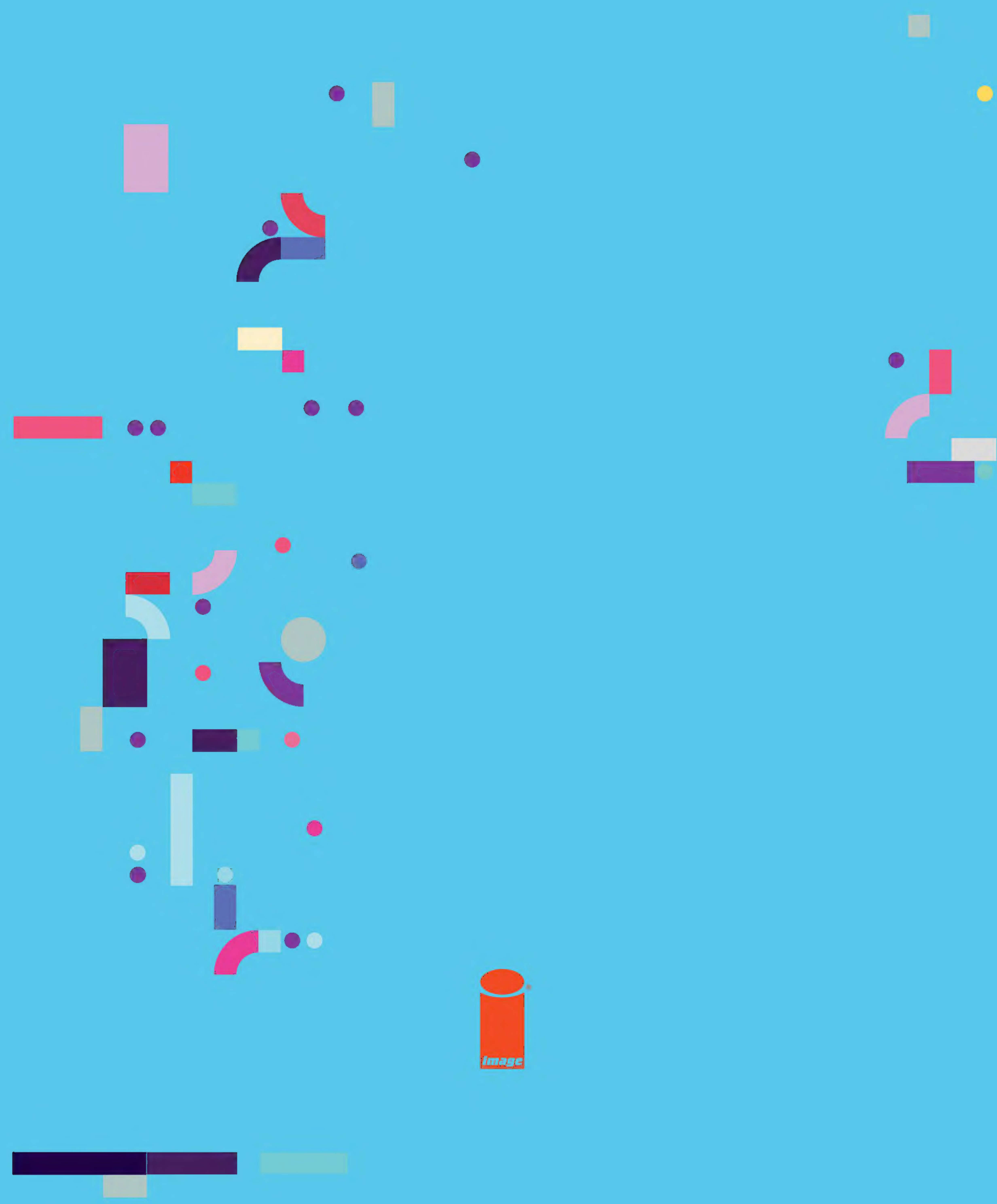
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**NEXT  
ISSUE:**







SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...  
THIS MONSTER!"

